Each in his office readie at thy becke.
Wilt thou haue muſicke? Harke Apollo playes, *Muſicke*
And twentie caged Nightingales do ſing,
Or wilt thou ſleepe? Wee'l haue thee to a Couch,
Softer and ſweeter then the luſtfull bed
On purpoſe trim'd vp for Semiramis.
Say thou wilt walke: we will beſtrow the ground.
Or wilt thou ride? thy horſes ſhall be trap'd,
Their harneſſe ſtudded all with Gold and Pearle.
Doſt thou loue hawking? Thou haſt hawkes will ſoare
Aboue the Morning Larke. Or wilt thou hunt,
Thy bounds ſhall make the Welkin anſwer them
And fetch ſhrill ecchoes from the hollow earth.

1 *Man.* Say thou wilt courſe, thy gray-hounds are as ſwift
As breathed Stags: I fleeter then the Roe.

2 *M.* Doſt thou loue pictures? we will fetch thee ſtraite
Adonis painted by a running brooke,
And Citherea all in ſedges hid,
Which ſeeme to moue and wanton with her breath,
Euen as the wauing ſedges play with winde.

*Lord.* Wee'l ſhew thee *Io*, as ſhe was a Maid,
And how ſhe was beguiled and ſurpriz'd,
As liuelie painted, as the deede was done.

3 *Man.* Or *Daphne* roming through a thornie wood,
Scratching her legs, that one ſhal ſweare ſhe bleeds,
And at that ſight ſhall ſad Apollo weepe,
So workmanlie the blood and teares are drawne.

*Lord.* Thou art a Lord and nothing but a Lord:
Thou haſt a Ladie farre more Beautifull,
Then any woman in this waining age.

1 *Man.* And til the teares that ſhe hath ſhed for thee,
Like enuious floods ore run her louely face,
She was the faireſt creature in the world,
And yet ſhe is inferiour to none.

*Beg.* Am I a Lord and haue I ſuch a Ladie?
Or do I dreame? Or haue I dream'd till now?
I do not ſleepe: I ſee, I heare, I ſpeake:
I ſmel ſweet ſauors, and I feele ſoft things:
Vpon my life I am a Lord indeede,

And



And not a Tinker, nor Chriſtopher
Well, bring our ladie hither to our
And once againe a pot o'th ſmalle
2. *Man.* Wilt pleaſe your migh
Oh how we ioy to ſee your wit reſto
Oh that once more you knew but
Theſe fifteene yeeres you haue bin
Or when you wak'd, ſo wak'd as if
*Beg.* Theſe fifteene yeeres, by
But did I neuer ſpeake of all that ti
1 *Man.* Oh yes my Lord, but
For though you lay heere in this go
Yet would you ſay, ye weare beare
And raile vpon the Hoſteſſe of the
And ſay you would preſent her at th
Becauſe ſhe brought ſtone-iugs, an
Sometimes you would call out for
*Beg.* I, the womans maid of the
3. *Man* Why ſir you know no
Nor no ſuch men as you haue recko
As *Stephen Sly*, and old *Iohn Nap*
And *Peter Turph*, and *Henry Pi*
And twentie more ſuch names and
Which neuer were, nor no man eu
*Beg.* Now Lord be thanked for

*Enter Ladie with Att*

*Beg.* I thanke thee, thou ſhalt n
*Lady.* How fares my noble Lor
*Beg.* Marrie I fare well, for heere
Where is my wife?
*La.* Heere noble Lord, what is
*Beg.* Are you my wife and will
My men ſhould call mee Lord, I am
*La.* My husband and my Lord, m
wife in all obedience.
*Beg.* I know it well, what muſt
*Lord.* Madam.
*Beg.* *Alce* Madam, or *Ioane* Mad



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